# THE OPINION

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rate of \$1.00 per square one insertion, and 25 cents each subsequent insertion. One inchespace is a square.

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A UCTIONEER, WILL ATTEND TO ALL
and get them printed if desired.

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Men's Thick Kip and Calf Boots. Best quality-Low prices, Book Store, Main St., J. H. JONES, M. D.

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Wooden Ware, &c. Main St., C. H. CURTIS.

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Celebrated Mandrake Bitters, Flavoring

Extracts and Essences, &c., at Wholesale
and Retail.

E. S. PEASLEE. LIVERY STABLE. GOOD TEAMS FUR-nished at all times, and at reasonable pri-ces. Stage to and from Depot. Apply at Sta-ble Office, rear of Trotter House. Also, Stable

PLOUR, GRAIN, MEAL, PROVENDER-I Shorts and Bags, sold at the Lowest Mar ket prices. Mills at the South end of Brad ford Village.

J. M. WARDEN.

FINE WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,
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TROTTER HOUSE, BRADFORD, VT.
Coach to and from all passenger trains,

W. H. CARTER, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. BRADford, Vt. Office at his residence. Various Medicinal Compounds, of long tried experience, and of modern improvement; prepared by himself, kept constatity on hand for
the benefit of the sick and lame.

MISS CHARLOTTE NELSON.
TEACHER OF PAINTING AND DRAWing. Room in Academy Building.

#### Rock Me to Sleep.

Backward, turn backward, oh Time in your Make me a child again, just for to-night; Make me a child again, just for foringit; Mother, come back from the echoless shore, Take ne again to your heart as of yore— Kiss from my forchead the furrows of care. Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair Over my slumbers your loving watch keep.— Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, ob tide of the years, I am so weary of toils and of tears—
Toil without recompense—tears all in vain—Take me and give me to my childhood again. I have grown weary of dust and deeay, Weary of flinging my soul's wealth away—Wency of sowing for others to reap; Rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue, Mother, oh, mother, my heart calls for you! Many a summer the grass has grown green, Blossomed and fader—our faces between—Yet with strong yearnings and passionate pai Long I to-night for your presence again; Come from the silence so long and so deep—Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Over my heart in the days that are flown, No love like a mother's love ever has shown-No other worship abides and endures, Faithful, unselfah, and patient like years. None like a mother can charm away pain From the sick soul and world-weary brain; Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep. Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Come let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,

Fall on your shoulders again as of old—
Let it fall over my forchead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light—
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more.
Hap'ly will throng the sweet visions of yore.
Lovingly, softiy, its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother! the years have been Since I lear mother; the years have been long.
Since I last hushed to your lullaby song—
Sing them, and unto my soul it shall seem Womanhood's years have been but a dream; Clasp to your arms in a loving cabrace.
With yo ir light lash is just sweeping my face, Never hereafter to wake or to weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

correspondent:

While several gentlemen were sitting in the bar room of one of our and now!" hotels a few days ago, one of them, being a Chicago man, was, of course, cago over any other spot in the her, world. Finally, he claimed that it was the healthiest city in the world aloud. (notwithstanding the large delegation of her citizens who are annualvidual, evidently from the country, his olive skin. and evidently much intoxicated also, joined in the conversation, thus ly: "W-well, d-dont you know erreason mo' folks don't die'n Ch(hic)supposed it was because of the sal- my white Indian muslin!" ubrity of the air. "N-no" respond-A TTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW son mo' folks don't die'n Chicago is Presence or absence will make no Peusion and Claim Agent.

National Peusion and Claim Agent. There was a pause in the conversation, and somehow I thought just that scarlet and brown-spotted mathen of the old proverb, "In vino ple leaf required a great deal of ad-

## RELIGIOUS MEETINGS .

CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY.

METHODIST E. SOCIETY.

REV. J. M. C. FULTON, PASTOR. SERvices at 10.30 A. M., and 6.30 P. M. Sunday School at 12 M.

MASONIC MEETINGS.

CHARITY LODGE, NO. 43. REGULAR
Communications on Wednesday of the
week in which the moon fulls. Mr. Lefannon
R. A. Chapter. Meetings on Wednesday
afternoon of the week in which the moon fulls. BRADFORD COUNCIL, No. 11. Meetings at Masonic Hall on Wednesday afternoon of the week in which the moon falls, in the months of September, December, March and June.

## EAST CORINTH.

A TTORNEY AT LAW, EAST CORINTH.

L. P. FOSTER. HOTEL. FLOUR AND GRAIN MILL Best of Flour and Grain constantly or

S. THOMPSON. TIN SHOP. SEOVES, TIN WARE, IRON Ware, Wooden Ware, &c. All kinds of Job work neatly done.

CORLISS & ROGERS, DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, READY Made Clothing, Boots & Skoes, &c. Largest stock in Eastern part of Orange County.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC ROOMS, CHEL-sea, Vt. Open Mondays Thursdays and Saturdays.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, FAIRLEE

J. F. JOHNSON.
STAR HALL, ELY, VT. LARGE AND well fitted up for accommodation of Dances and all kinds of entertainments. Let 4t reas-

C. H. SIBLEY. CARRIAGE TRIMMER, AND MANUFAC-turer of all kinds of Harnesses. Repair ing done in the best manner. Main St., op-posite Hotel, West Foirlee.

EDGAR W. SMITH. A TTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Wells River, Vt. Office with Judge Un-

R. M. HARVEY. A TTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW West Topsham, Vt.

#### "ADOPTED."

"It's very strange," muttered Blanche Penroy, slowly weaving to- to be so unreasonable! gather the wreath of scarlet autumn eaves with which she was decorating her broad-brimmed straw hat. She made a beautiful picture, sit-

ting there all alone in the mellow glow and color of the October woods, her a glass of iced lemonade, the crimson shawl drooping from her shoulders, and the sunshine lighting up her bright auburn curls with glittering threads of gold, while upon the fallen tree-trunk that formed | my wishes, Miss Penroy !" her impromptu seat, lay a tiny bunch of grasses and autumnal flowers. She was transparently fair, ly sir!" with purple tangles of veius in each waxen temple, and a faint pink on her cheeks, while her eyes, large ing." and brown, seemed to look at you

with the grave, tender expression of

an infant. "Yes, it is very strange," went on Miss Penroy, musing within herself. only known him ten days-yet when he spoke about leaving Elm Point last night, it seemed as if all the sunshine were going out of the world for me. O, Blanche! naughty, naughty little Blanche!" she added, leaning torward, and apostrophizing the fair face mirrored in the glen stream at her feet, "Is it The following, which sufficiently possible that you've allowed yourexplains itself, is from a Chicago self to fall in love with that tall, black-eyed young Southernor ? Ten days ago I had never seen him-

The roses mounted up into her cheek as she wondered within herboasting of the superiority of Chi- self whether Mr. Evering cared for

"I wish I knew!" she uttered

"Knew what?" demanded a calm voice, and Mr. Gilbert Evering took ly obliged to visit the Arkansas Hot up the bunch of grasses on the log, Springs), and said that the "death and cooly seated himself beside rate" was smaller than that of any her,-a straight, handsome man, other city. At this point an indi- with brilliant dark glowing through

> Blanche demurely looked up at him-she was not to be taken by storm thus easily.

"Whether it would rain to-morcago?" The Chicago man said he raw, for our pic-nic I want to wear

"O,-the pic-nic; I had forgoted the inebriated party shaking his | ten that, when I spoke of leaving head, with a very wise look : 'er rea | to-morrow. Of course, though, my

Blanche was silent. Somehow justment in the ribbon of her hat.

"Blanche-shall I go or stay ?" "Just as you please, Mr. Evering,

of course." "No; just as somebody else pleases. Yes or No! And I fore-

warn you, the yes means a great deal.2 "How much does it mean ?" ques-

tioned Blanche, half archly, half timorously.

"Everything!"

"Then you may stay!"

"My Blanche-my little daisy!" he whispered bending his stately head over the slender hand that lay on the autumn leaves. And Blanche felt that in the golden stillness of that October dell she had turned a new page in the book of her life!

She was very, very happy, and all that day she seemed to be walking through the bright mysteries of a dream. But with the morning came other feelings, alas! that shadow should always follow sunshine in

this world of ours. "I'm not disposed to be unreasonable, Blanche," said Gilbert, in a whisper, as he arranged her white lace shawl for her, amid the merry tumult of the pic-nic grounds, "but I do think you've waltzed quite often enough with that confounded

puppy, Birmingham!" "Jealous already, Gilbert ?" taunted the girl, flushed and rosy with the triumphs of her beauty, and the irresistible instincts of coquetry. She colored crimson.

"Of course, you'll do as you please, Blanche; only I warn you, it's a choice between Walter Birmingham and me. You dance with him again

at your own risk!" At the same instant young Birmngham came up.

"May I have the pleasure of this Polka with you, Miss Penroy ?" And Blanche, defiant, and wilful, and a little piqued, answered:

"Yes!"

hand on Walter Birmingham's shoulder. Gilbert had no business

His grave, stern face rather startled her as she came again to the rustic seat of twisted boughs, when the string-band music was silent, and Mr. Birmingham had gone to bring

"Gilbert! why do you look s "Because I have reason. I am

sorry you pay so little attention to She drew herself up haughtily. "You are beginning to dictate ear-

"Have I not the right ?" "Nothing of the sort, Mr. Ever-

"Be it so, Blanche," he said, in a voice that betrayed how deep the arrow rankled in his bosom. "I give

up the right now and henceforward.' Blanche was startled. She would I know so little about him-I have have said more, but Walter Birmingham was advancing towards her, and when next she had leisure to look round, Gilbert was gone from

her side. "What have I done ?" she thought in dismay. "I'll see him this evening and coax him into good humor once more. He surely can't be vexed at me for an idle word like that."

Ah, little Blanche, it is not the well-considered sentence that does all the harm in this world-it is the idle word!

had, Mrs. Traine," said Blanche, as she came up the steps of the hotel piazza, as smilling and radiant as if the worm, remorse, was not gnawing at her heart.

"That, of course," said the blooming matron, who was reading in an easy chair under the shadow of the vines. "But what sent Mr. Evering away in such a hurry !"

"Sent him away ?"

"Yes-by the evening train. He come home, packed his things, and drove away as if there was not a moment to lose, I am very sorry; we shall miss bim so much."

Blanche went slowly up-stairs featureless blank. So he was really gone away; and by her own folly she had lost the priceless treasure ty which was left me by my deceased parents. of Gilbert Evering's love.

"And I cannot even write to him, for I do not know his address," she thought, with clasped hands and tearless eyes. "Well, it is my own fault, and I must abide the consequences as best I may."

from the gay summer lounging body to love and care for; and someplace a sadder and a wiser woman; and the November mists drooping this little fellow will be nice and over the brick-and-mortar wilderness of her New York home, had him to call me 'aunty.' " never seemed balf so dreary to her as they seemed now!

dimpled hands clasped behind her I dare say I shall keep a cat, and grow fond of green tea, and scandal, and sewing circles! Ah, well-a-day! life cannot last forever!"

A dreary comfort that for a girl of nineteen summers.

She rang the bell with an impatient clerk.

"One, ma'an; it came by the evening post about five minutes ago." "Light the gas, then, and give it

o me." Blanche sat down by the fire and opened the letter suppressing a yawn. "Black-edged-and black-sealed! last !"

It was from the executors of Miss which had taken place in one of the West India Islands some months since; but of which the "melancholy news," as the letter ran, had only just been received. It was not entirely unexpected, as Mrs. Marchto hereditary consumption.

orphaned child must be thrown penniless and alone on his own resources, for if I remember aright, Mrs. Marchmont forfeited all the wealth lawyer whose death plunged her in- opened. to such bitter mourning. That was a genuine love-match, yet how much grief and trouble it brought with it, 'leaving one child-a son!' Why should I not adopt the stray waif, and make it the business of my life to cherish and comfort him 7 1 have point out to me."

and a new light in her eyes.

"Bring in my writing-desk immediately, Sanderson, and get ready to take a letter to the post for me as soon as possible."

The old servant obeyed, wondering at his mistress unwonted energy, and yet well pleased to see some of her old animation returning.

"She do look more like herself tonight, do Miss Blanche, than she has for a long time," he said to the housekeeper, as he came down stairs wish Miss Blanche would take a "Such a charming day as we have fancy to some nice, proper-behaved young man; it don't seem no how right that she should live all by herself in this big house, so forlorn like."

The housekeeper nodded sagaciously to all Mr. Sanderson's propositions. She fully agreed with him. "Only Miss Blanche was too willful ever to hear a word of advice."

It was a very simple and unconscious letter that Blanche Penroy wrote to her far-away cousin's ex- demurely, "all I wanted was someecutors from the fullness of her body to love and care for, and-"

heart. "I shall never marry now", she wrote, "and it seems to become my plainly indicated duty toundertake the care of this orphan child of Mrs. Marchmont's. With your approvaltherefore, I propose to adopt him, and endeav and sat down by her window, lookor, as far as in my power to supply the place
of his lost mother. You may at first deem ing out at the purple glow of the me rather young to undertake so grave and evening landscape as if it were a serious a responsibility, but I was nineteen last mouth, and I am very, very much older in thought and feeling than my years. Of course at my death, the child will inherit the proper

"I hope my cousin's executors are like the nice, white-headed old lawyers one reads about in novels," said Blanche to herself as she folded the little perfumed sheet of pink paper, "and not cross old fudges, talking of 'expediency' and 'appropriate-So Blanche Penroy went home ness;' for I do so much want somehow I've a sort of premonition that rosy and lovable. I think I'll teach

Just a week subsequently, a prim, legal note was received from Messrs. "I suppose I shall be an old maid," Alias & Corpus, the deceased lady's thought Blanche, walking up and executors, stating that "they saw down the fire-lit darkness of her no valid objection to Miss Penroy's twilight drawing-rooms, with her very laudable projects, and that, in accordance thereto, the child of the waist. "I never care for any one late Mr. Marchmont would arrive at now as I cared for-for Gilbert; and Miss Penroy's residence on the following Saturday night."

"Saturday night-and this is Friday," ejaculated Blanche, with new brightness dancing in her hazel eyes. "O how glad I shall be! Sanderson, tell Mrs. Brown to have the blue room fitted up immediately for Master Marchmount, and you had bet-"Are there any letters, Sander. ter go yourself to the depot with the carriage, at five to-morrow after-

noon, to meet him." "Yes, ma'am," said Sanderson, stolidly. The apparition of a great unruly boy tramping with muddy boot on the velvet carpets and haunting the house with ball and marbles, and lung-spliting halloos So poor Mrs. Marchmont is gone at did not possess the charm to Sanderson's eyes that it seemed to for his mistress. And even patient Penroy's distant cousin, formally Mrs. Brown remarked with a species and briefly announcing her death, of exasperation, that she didn't see what put this freak into Miss Blanche's head !"

Saturday was a day of hail and tempest, and softly-falling snow. and five o'clock the drawing-rooms were lighted and the crimson silk mont had for some years been slow- curtains closely drawn, to exclude ly fading out of the world, a victim the stormy darkness without. Six "Leaving one child, a son," slow. had Blanche Penroy looked at her given by one of them at a public keep months, and always afford a ly repeated Blanche, leaning her watch, as she stood by the fire wait- dinner : The ladies, sweet-briers in ready and excellent dish for the cheek on her hand, and looking down ing to hear the returning carriage the garden of life.

And glided away with her plump into the fiery quiver of the white- wheels. She was dressed in a rich hot coals. "Poor little fellow! he China-blue silk dress, with pearlpin in a recent number of Temple Bar, must feel nearly as desolate and and ear-drops, and a little point bewailing the changes that are takalone as I do! Only I have one ad- lace at her throat and wrists, and ing place in the liabits of the Welsh vantage-I have at least a suffici- the color in her cheeks and the peasantry, lets fall a suggestion or ency of this world's goods; and this golden glimmer in her bright hair two which haply may be considered made her, unconsciously, very fair worthy of the attention of Amerito look upon.

"O, I hope-I hope he will like me," thought Blanche, with that inof her first marriage by her second stinctive yearning that comes to alliance with the poverty-stricken every woman's heart, as the door every one who loves Wales must

"Here's the young gentleman, Miss," said Sanderson, with a halfsuppressed sound between a laugh and a snort.

But instead of a child of seven or eight years old, a tall apparition stalked in, something over six feet no object in existence; here is one high, with a black moustache, and that Providence itself seems to merry hazel eyes brimming over with mirth. For an instant Blanche Once more she rangthe bell, with stared at him as if she could scarcefresh color glowing in her cheeks ly credit the evidence of her own senses.

"Gilbert!"

"Exactly. You wanted to adopt me, and here I am." "No, but Gilbert-"

"Yes, but Blanche!" "You are not Mrs. Marchmont's

"I am-by her first marriage .--And although I am by no means the penniless infant you seemed to suppose, as all my father's wealth comes to me, I am quite willing to after obeying her summons. "I only be adopted-particularly as you are not married to Walter Birmingham."

Blanche struggled between tears and laughter, uncertain which could best express her feelings, but Gilbert Evering drew her tenderly toward him. "If you adopt me, dearest it must

be for life. Nay, do not hesitate-

our happiness has already been too

will not retract your offer ?" "Well-after all," said Blanche,

"And I shall do very well in that apacity; eh ?" And Sanderson, who had been listening diligently at the door,

Brown that "they were going to have a new master!"

crept down stairs to inform Mrs.

not one of the devoted band of dered his "small pox" and tradged Highlanders escaped death. Hence on foot to the Alms House." it is that the nine of diamonds is called the curse of Scotland.

THE Schenectady Star is responsible for the statement that a June bug, buzzing around in a dark Watertown parlor, flew against a young lady's face with such force as to become hopelessly entangled in her beau's moustache.

lost to the refinement of sentiment, over the top with about a quarter times within the last fifteen minutes for the following toast was lately of an inch of melted outter. It will breakfast or tea table.

A WORD IN SEASON. A writer can women.

After saying that many time-hon-

ored Welsh customs are fast disap-

pearing with the language, and that be sorry to see the picturesque, enduring, health-preserving costume of the peasantry replaced by the unbecoming, flimsy, unsuitable dress of the present day, he adds: "It was comfortable to see the women, on market-days, withstanding the weather by means of wool and beaver. Their montain sheep taught them how best to resist their mountain climate. Doctor Jones, of Trefavonal, was wont to say that they owed their old age to their flannel, and that if they overpassed the consumptive period of life, they lived forever. The 'forever' was the common age of eighty, ninety, or even a hundred. It is worthy of note that external preservation from damp prolongs life, and that even in the heat of summer work, the flannel garment is said to be the safest. But now the young women rush into the open arms of the demon of decline, who devours them unresisted. Fashion conquers youth and beauty in all ranks. As the weak-lunged belle of a metropolitan season can not be induced to relinquish the low dresses, balls, and theatres that summon Death to her, so the mountain belle casts her wholesome warm costumes for the cottons and muslins that also invite him. Whereas wise and kindly Nature ever produces the right clothing for her climates-wool and fur much at the mercy of trifles. You for the north, silk and cotton for the south. But she is travestied by her children, or, more properly perhaps, her children travesty themselves."

"BURLEIGH" sends the following good story to the Boston Journal from New York :\*

"One of our railroads runs by the County Buildings. Prisoners, paupers and the diseased are transportd often on the street cars to save THE CURSE OF SCOTLAND. A expense. This practise creates great few evenings before the battle of indignation. So far all protests Culloden, there were gathered in have been in vain. The other day the apartments of the Pretender, at the condector was collecting fares Inverness, a few of his friends, for from a crowded load. A foreign the purpose of playing at cards. In person, poorly dressed and with an the course of the evening, the nine eruptive face, handed up his money. of diamonds belonging to the pack In answer to the question, "Do you with which they were playing was go through ?" which means do you lost. On the night after the battle, go beyond the city line? he said: which resulted so disastrously for "I have got de small pox do?" the rebel army, the Duke of Cum. "Have you got the small pox ?" said berland entered Inverness, and, as the astonished conductor. "Yes, was his invariable custom, took up I have got de small pox do," The his quarters in the apartments which passengers came to their feet; wohad so recently been occupied by men screamed, and the excitement Prince Charles Edward. On the was intense. "Come, get out of fullowing morning, a scout brought this car; you can't ride here," said in word that a small portion of the the official. The unfortunate made rebel army had taken shelter in a for the front platform. He was deep gorge among the mountains. hustled out of the car, and nearly The Duke at once directed an offi. twitched headlong into the street. cer to take a number of men, sur. He recovered himself and started round the party, and put every man for the front of the car. The driver to death who was found in arms, took the car-hook and threatened to The officer, reluctant to execute this brain him if he got on. The poor inhuman order, and perhaps fearful fellow kept up with the horses. of after consequences, declined to shouting: "I'll go, give me my small take the command without a writ. pox, give me my pox, give me my ten order. The Duke looked around pox," pointing to a small two-foot the room for a piece of paper on square chest standing on end behind which to write the order, when some the driver. The mystery was exone picked up the lost card, and plained. The honest German presented it to the Duke, who wrote wanted to pay for his small box as his order on the back of it, and well as his own fare. The conduchanded it to the officer. The sol- tor apologized, and a seat was offerdiers departed on their errand of ed to the man. But he had had butchery, and so well did they ex- enough of that company. He reecute the Duke's commands, that fused all invitations to ride, shoul-

DON'T WASTE IT. It not unfrequently happens in a family that quantities of cooked meats remain on hand. Such should be potted. Cut the meat from the bone, chop fine, and season high with salt, pepper, cloves and cinnamon. Moisten with vinegar, wine, brandy, cider, and sauce, or melted butter, according to the kind of meat, or to suit your own taste. Then pack it-ALL bachelors are not entirely tight into a stone jar, and cover